

Jonathan Byers Imagines by imagineingmarvelandeverything

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Summary:

A collection of Jonathan Byers x Reader works, originally posted on my Tumblr!

1. Halloween Party

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N gets very drunk and confesses a few too many things at Tina's Halloween party. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Slight spoilers for episode 2 of season 2, Underage drinking.

It was no secret that Y/N loved Halloween. Every year she would dress up and this year was going to be no exception; even if Jonathan had other ideas. The pair had been inseparable ever since Will had disappeared and Y/N had almost been taken by the creature as well. When her best friend Nancy said she saw it too they had tried to figure it out. Jonathan had gotten involved somewhere along the way and the rest was history.

“We’re dressing up for Halloween this year and that’s final.” Y/N said sternly from her position on the Byers sofa as Jonathan was sat on the floor trying to organise his recent photos.

“I don’t understand why? It’s not like we are doing anything other than chaperoning Will.” Jonathan replied, looking up briefly to the girl who was sprawled on his sofa with her science homework. “There’s no point. Plus, we are a little too old for trick or treating.”

Y/N shot him a pointed look. “I don’t think you’re ever too old for trick-or-treating. Please Jon. Pretty please.” She battered her eyelashes and bit her lip at him and Jonathan thought he was going to have a heart attack.

“F-Fine. I suppose but I’m picking the costumes.” Jonathan agreed. She screamed in delight and attack hugged him. God, she was going to be the death of him.

“So, you hit T to zoom in, and W zooms back out.” Bob, who was

dressed as Dracula, told Jonathan as he taught the teen to use the video camera. Jonathan was dressed as Ash and Y/N was dressed as Linda from Evil Dead. Both of them loved the film and so Y/N was ecstatic at Jonathan's choice. "See? Easy peesy. Just make sure you turn off the power to save energy. There." Bob pointed to the powers button.

Jonathan swung round and focused the camera on Y/N. "What do you think?"

She laughed. "I don't think the camera goes with your costume." He joined her laughing and turned the camera off and threw a casual arm over her shoulders. A friendly gesture but it made her blush slightly.

"Are you ready, Bud?" Jonathan questioned Will.

"Yeah." Will replied with a big smile.

"Be safe!" Joyce called the trio as they walked out the door.

"We will." Y/N called back with a smile. Joyce was really happy when Y/N had started hanging out with Jonathan. She believed the girl was exactly what he needed.

"I hope it doesn't suck." Bob said in an imitation of Dracula.

The trio smiled as they got into the car; Jonathan driving, Y/N shotgun and Will in the back.

"I just don't get what she sees in him." Jonathan said snapping both Will and Y/N out of their own worlds.

"What?" They both said in unison.

"Bob" Jonathan drew out each letter.

"At least he doesn't treat me different." Will muttered. "I mean I can't even go trick or treating by myself. It's lame."

"What you think we're lame?" Jonathan asked with a slight smirk.

“No. But... It’s not like Nancy’s coming to watch over Mike, you know?”

Jonathan and Y/N shared a look as they pulled up outside the Wheeler’s. Will’s friends were walking towards them. Y/N nodded to Jonathan.

“Hey, listen.” Jonathan turned around to look at Will as Will pulled on his proton pack.

“Yeah.” Will queried pausing his progress.

“If, we let you go on your own, do you promise to stay in the neighbourhood.” Jonathan said.

The smile on Will’s face grew. “Yeah! Yeah totally.”

“And be back at Mike’s by 9:00.”

“9:30?” Will tried.

“9:00.” Jonathan emphasised.

“Yeah.”

“Deal.” Jonathan held out his hand and will shook it.

“Deal.” Will said getting out of the car.

“All right.” Jonathan said as Y/N rolled down the window and passed Will the camera. “Hey, Will. Don’t let any of your spazzy friends use that, all right?”

Yeah, bye.” Will said before running over to his friends.

“Sorry I just ruined your night.” Jonathan muttered looking up at the girl next to him.

“You didn’t. But I suppose we could go to this.” Y/N handed him an orange flyer that said ‘Tina’s Halloween Bash’. “Nancy’s been trying to get me to go. You wanna check it out?”

“Yeah sure.” He smiled before setting off driving. Y/N pulled out her

Halloween mixtape the pair had been listening to on the way to school and put it in the car. Jonathan looked across at her and smiled.

They pulled up to the house just as a guy in a floral bed sheet toga was throwing up the content of his stomach. Jonathan glanced at Y/N with uncertainty. She just laughed and hopped out of the car. He got out as well and she grabbed his hand and pulled him inside. He blushed furiously as they walked into the crowded house. Several times she had to step backwards because of someone and Jonathan had to put an arm around her waist as she hit his chest to stop them both falling.

This caused her to blush as well as him and she quickly made a beeline for Nancy and Steve who were dressed as Lana and Joel from Risky Business. Nancy, who was pretty drunk, quickly dragged Y/n to the punch bowl as Steve and Jonathan stood awkwardly.

“Plucked up the courage to ask Y/N out yet?” Steve asked. He was only slightly intoxicated compared to Nancy.

“She’d never say yes.” Jonathan looked at his shoes.

“You don’t know that until you try.” Steve said wiggling his eyebrows.

It was getting close to time to leave and get Will but Jonathan was having a hard time trying to locate Y/N. He had looked pretty much everywhere and was close to giving up when she pretty much fell on him.

“Why, hello there, sweet cheeks.” She slurred and pinched his cheek.

“What have you had to drink?” Jonathan asked, dumbfounded, as he slipped an arm around her waist to keep her upright.

“Some punch. It was very strong.” She giggled as Jonathan led her back to his car.

He was suddenly glad she had agreed to stay at his house; he didn’t want to explain this to her parents. “Okay, let’s go get Will.” He said as he buckled her into the car and then got in himself.

Will was waiting outside the Wheeler's with Mike as Jonathan pulled up. Will said goodbye and climbed in the back.

"Hey." He said.

"Hey, ghost fighter." Y/N said before giggling again.

Will stared at Jonathan in shock. "What happened?"

"We went to a party." Jonathan explained as he set off.

"The punch was good. We should have brought some for Will." Y/N exclaimed, her hand landing on Jonathan's arm.

"I don't think that would have been a good idea." Jonathan muttered as Will laughed.

They pulled up in the Byers driveway and Y/N had pretty much fallen asleep.

"How exactly are you going to explain this one to mom?" Will asked with a laugh.

"Hopefully, if she stays asleep, I won't have to." Jonathan replied as he got out and walked around to Y/N's side. He slipped one arm under her legs and another under her back; even while half asleep she wrapped an arm around his shoulders and buried her face in the crook of his neck. He picked her up and Will shut the car door. They walked up to the front door and Will held it open.

"Hey, how'd it go?" Joyce said rather loudly.

Both the boys immediately shushed her and she noticed Y/N asleep in Jonathan's arms.

"Fine, but I think it wore Y/N out." Jonathan said quietly with a chuckle. "I'm going to put her to bed."

Jonathan walked into his room as Will showed Joyce and Bob his haul. He laid her down on the bed and pulled her shoes and jacket off. He pulled the covers over her and went to walk out but she caught his hand and pulled him into the bed with her.

“Stay.” She mumbled.

“Okay.” Jonathan whispered and kicked his shoes off and pulled his jacket off.

“Night, Jon. I love you.” She muttered in a slight slur and Jonathan nearly choked on air.

“What?” He asked, his voice shaking violently. But she was already asleep.

2. Halloween Party - Part 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Warnings: Swearing

Y/N woke up to the sunlight streaming through the blinds and immediately noticed two things. One: she had a terrible headache and two: there was an arm slung around her waist and her back was pressed to someone's chest. With great difficulty (and pain), she opened her eyes and took in the familiar surroundings of Jonathan's room. She sat bolt upright to check if they were still wearing their clothes, to her relief they were, but instantly regretted it as pain shot through her temples.

“Shit.” She hissed rubbing her temples.

“You shouldn't have drunk so much.” Jonathan chuckled. He had turned onto his back and was looking at her as he ran a hand through his hair sleepily.

“What happened?” She groaned.

“You drank a hell of a lot of punch, strong punch, so, I brought you here so I wouldn't have to explain it to your parents.” He shared as he sat up.

“Did we... Did anything else happen?” She muttered; not able to meet his eyes.

“Um... No... You said somethings but you were pretty out of it.” Jonathan stuttered going slightly red.

Y/N pressed her hands over her eyes and sighed. “What did I say?”

“N-Nothing... It doesn't matter.” It was Jonathan's turn to look at the floor. He was suddenly very aware at their close proximity.

“Jonathan,” she took his hand. “What did I say?”

“You... You, told me that you loved me.” He almost whispered his

gaze not leaving the floor. “But you were really drunk and I know you could never love me back...”

She cut him off by Cupping his cheeks and pressing her lips to his; the pain in her head had dispersed with the adrenaline that was now coursing through her system. Jonathan froze before wrapping a hand around her waist and tangling the other in her hair. Her hands slipped into his hair and he pulled her closer. They eventually pulled back for air but stayed as close to each other as possible.

“I’m not sure when it happened, but I fell in love with you, and it was the best thing I’ve ever done.” Y/N murmured as she met his gaze.

“I love you.” Jonathan smiled and she matched his grin.

“Jonathan! Y/N! I’m heading in to work! There’s some breakfast in the fridge!” Joyce called.

“Okay, Mom!” Jonathan shouted back. He smiled at Y/N. “You hungry?”

“Starving.” She smiled.

3. It's Not Always Going to be This Bad

Summary for the Chapter:

Jonathan reassures Y/N that there is nothing wrong with her (anxiety, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warning: Depression, self-loathing

Y/N had been feeling empty and worthless for the past few weeks. She was aware of the feeling. It had come and gone through the years but this time was different; it didn't seem to want to disperse. That day it was even worse than it had been and she wanted to do nothing but stay laid down in bed. Her mother thought she was sick so had phoned school and told them she was staying home before she left for work.

Jonathan pulled up to school and parked in the usual place. Y/N's car wasn't in the usual place next to his but he dismissed it as her just being late. She had been off these last few weeks and he was scared that she was digging herself into a rut. In the past when she had experienced depressive episodes, she had always told him. He was aware that the episodes had been more frequent since the entire Upside-Down situation. He pushed the feeling aside and blamed it on paranoia. However, when she hadn't shown up after second period, he was starting to worry. He went to the front desk and signed out with a fake dentist appointment.

The drive to her house only took ten minutes but today it seemed to take an age and Jonathan pulled up in front of the normal suburban home. He got out of the car and walked up to the front door. He rang the doorbell three times and when there was no response he pulled his spare key out of the pocket and unlocked the door. He walked in and locked it behind him. "Y/N?"

"Upstairs." The sound was muffled and her voice cracked halfway through.

Jonathan took the stairs two at a time before walking into her room. She had managed to sit up when she heard him enter but the covers were still wrapped tightly around her. Jonathan took her in as he walked in, sat on the bed and wrapped his arms around her. Her hair was a mess and there were dark circles under her eyes. He pressed a kiss to her temple and just sat there with her in his arms in silence for a while.

It was Y/N who broke the silence. “Everyone hates me.” Her voice was barely above a whisper and Jonathan nearly missed it.

“Why would you say that?” Jonathan asked, startled, as he looked down at her as she traced the scar on the palm of his hand.

“Because I’m just pathetic. I can’t do anything right and everyone knows I’m a freak.” Her voice was steady.

“You’re not a freak.”

“Yes, I am.” She still wouldn’t look at him. “I am.”

“You know what? You’re right.” Jonathan said causing her to look at him. She was expecting her to fight further on this. “You are a freak.”

“What?” She furrowed her eyebrows together as his arms wrapped around her tighter.

“No, I’m serious. You’re a freak.” Jonathan smiled. “But what? Do you wanna be normal? Do you wanna be just like everyone else? Being a freak is the best. I’m a freak. You’re a freak and I love you anyway.”

She was smiling slightly now. She could always trust Jonathan to disperse what she couldn’t on her own. “I love you too, Jon.” He kissed her forehead and stood up and offered her his hand. “Where are we going?

“Downstairs. I rented some movies and I thought we could watch them and order pizza.” Jonathan gave her a nervous smile. She stood and kissed him.

While the episodes and the feeling may never go away, at least she

had Jonathan to help her through them when it did hit.

4. NYU

Summary for the Chapter:

After not seeing each other for three years, Y/N shows up on Jonathan's doorstep. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Crying???? Idk if that is one but wth.

Y/N shook with nervous adrenaline as she entered the student apartment block. There were floors of apartments but she only wanted the one listed in Joyce Byers handwriting on the piece of paper in her hands. She had no idea what she was going to say to him. It had been three years since they had left each other for colleges on other ends of the country. While they had left on relatively good terms, staying in touch had been too painful. When she had told Joyce, she was transferring to NYU, Joyce had been ecstatic. Joyce knew that neither of the pair were the same without the other. The girl that had shown up on her doorstep was a shadow of her former self without her partner in crime. Y/N's hands began to shake even more as she stood outside his door. She took in a breath before raising her hand and rapping her knuckles on the wooden door.

When Jonathan Byers woke up this morning he never expected to find the love of his life standing outside his apartment in the late afternoon. But here she was; as beautiful as ever. She had barely changed and he supposed that neither had he. He merely stood there in shock gaping at her in her winter clothes. "Y/N?" He felt his eyes fill with tears and saw them glistening in hers as well. "Wh-what are you doing here?"

"They told me I'd forget about you; that I'd move on but it's been three years and here I am." Y/N murmured as a few of the tears escaped down her face.

Without thinking, he had reached out for her and had pulled her into him and into the apartment. She heard the door slam as she buried

herself into his chest. She was sobbing now; they both were. His tears were falling onto the base of her neck as hers soaked his t-shirt.

“I missed you. I have thought about you every day since we left.” Her voice sounded hoarse from crying but he smiled none the less.

“I missed you too, baby. So, so much.” He whispered back as he pulled back and kissed her.

At that moment neither of them could care less about the tears running down their faces or the snow that had begun falling outside. All they cared about was the piece that had been missing was finally back in place. They had each other back and that was all they needed; was all they would ever need. They loved each other with every fibre of their beings and now, they both knew, they would be alright.

5. Misconceived Hatred

Summary for the Chapter:

Jonathan thinks Y/N hates him, Y/N wants to think she does. A drunken game of 7 minutes in heaven might change that. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Swearing

"I have to go in there with you? I didn't sign up to play 7 minutes in hell." Y/N's voice sounded through the room. She was stood at a party and someone had suggested 7 minutes in heaven. Y/N, too drunk at this point to care and thinking she would either get Steve or the new kid, Billy, had signed up to play. Yet the person who had pulled her name had been the one person she couldn't stand; Jonathan Byers. The pair had been very close up until high school and then she had all of a sudden stopped talking to him and started glaring at him in the halls.

"You know the rules, princess." Billy slurred and pushed her and a reluctant Jonathan into the closet and shut the door behind them.

The dark silence was broken by Jonathan's timid voice. "Why do you hate me so much? I've been asking myself what I did to you for years and, Y/N, I have no idea. So, what was it?"

"I never hated you, you just make me feel things I don't understand." Her voice was barely above a whisper and Jonathan almost missed it. She was sure that the only reason she had finally admitted it to him (and herself) after all these years was the rather strong drinks Billy had been shoving into her hands all night.

"What do you mean?" Jonathan's heart was in his throat and he was suddenly very aware of how small the closet actually was.

"It means, that something about you captivates me, Byers, and I was very reluctant to admit that before." Her hands found their way

around his neck. “I think I love you, Jonathan Byers. I think I always have and that scares the shit out of me.” She chuckled lowly and Jonathan felt it through her chest which was pressed against his.

“What if I loved you too? What if I always had?”

“Then that would be my lucky night, wouldn’t it?” She hummed to an unrecognisable tune and swayed them back and forth as Jonathan’s hands found her waist. She slipped one hand to the side of his face and dragged her thumb across his cheek. She felt his breathing hitch as she leant forward and pressed her lips against his.

Billy ripped the door open. “Time’s up lovers.”

Y/N stepped away from Jonathan, her hand still entwined with his, and pulled him away from the crowds. Neither of them knew where this night would lead, but, right now, they were both happy.

6. Drinking

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N notices how much time Jonathan is spending with Nancy so she confronts him. But she might have had a bit to drink first. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Drinking, mentions of cheating

Y/N promised herself that she would never touch a drop of alcohol again. Now, she sat on her bedroom floor with a half empty bottle of vodka in her left hand. Her right hand was strapped up with bandages after she had punched Billy earlier. She had left the Byers house as soon as Max had sedated the asshole. She stared at the photos plastered to her wardrobe and made up her mind. No matter how much it hurt and how much she didn't want to, she was going to confront him.

For the second time that night, Y/N found herself stood in front of the Byers house. Jonathan's car was in the drive but Joyce's was missing. She guessed that after everything that had happened Joyce still wanted Will checked out by actual doctors. Y/N nervously knocked on the door with her uninjured hand and waited for an answer. It was cold outside but the alcohol coursing through her system was keeping her warm; and keeping her from turning and running.

Jonathan opened the door looking very dishevelled. "Y/N? What are you doing here at this time?" He quickly ushered her inside and caught a whiff of the alcohol on her.

"I need to know the truth about you and Nancy." She blurted out as she turned to look at him.

"You've been drinking tonight, haven't you?" Jonathan asked carefully.

“Yeah, but that doesn’t give you an excuse to avoid my question!” Y/N threw her hands in the air.

Jonathan sighed. “I thought you stopped.”

“I did. But... Answer my question, Jonathan.”

“Nothing, Y/N. Nothing is going on between me and Nancy.” Jonathan ran a hand over his face.

Y/N laughed coldly. “Then where the hell have you been for the past few days?”

“With Nancy, but...”

“Like I thought.” Y/N cut in turning away from him as tears started forming in her eyes.

“Let me finish.” Jonathan warned. “We were talking to a reporter, trying to come up with a story to publish about the lad that people would believe. Nothing happened.”

“How can I believe you?” Y/N whispered, the tears were streaming down her face now and she knew that it was the alcohols doing.

“After everything we’ve been through, you still don’t think that I love you?” Jonathan’s voice cracked.

“You spend so much time with her.” Y/N sobbed as she buried her face in her hands.

Jonathan walked over to her and wrapped her in his arms. “I fell in love with you, not her.” He placed a kiss to her hairline as she melted into him. “I promise you, nothing happened.”

She believed him and let him lead her to his room to sleep off the vodka.

7. Late Nights

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N and Jonathan have their weekly movie night and confessions ensue. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: None

Since they were kids, Jonathan and Y/N had always spent a Friday night at the Byers house watching movies together. It had become a tradition over the years and they had never missed one. Now they were getting older, the time Y/N left to go home was getting later. Sometimes she wouldn't even make it home and Joyce would find the pair fast asleep on the sofa in the morning. Y/N's parents were not worried when she crashed over without warning; they always knew that if they really wanted to find her she would be at the Byers house.

After a night of watching various movies including Blade Runner and First Blood, Y/N stood up to leave. Jonathan stood as well. "Can't you stay a little longer?" He complained.

"If I don't leave now I'll be too tired to drive." She chuckled as she walked into the kitchen to deposit some bowls and glasses they had been using.

"You could always just stay over." Jonathan shrugged as he followed her into the kitchen.

Y/N smiled. "You really don't want me to leave do you, Byers."

"When I'm with you, I'm happy." He matched her smile. "Plus, I don't want you to kill yourself because you fall asleep at the wheel."

"Fair point. You have officially convinced me." She threw her arms up dramatically and they both laughed.

They walked into his room and she stole one of his t-shirts and a pair

of sweatpants. She changed in the bathroom and walked back in to find him already laid in bed in a pair of boxers and a t-shirt. She jumped in bed next to him and turned to face him. He smiled at her and brushed her hair over her ear. She leant into his touch and he had a sudden boost of confidence. He leaned forward and pressed their lips together. She melted against him and brought a hand up to the side of his face. They pulled away with a smile.

“You’re the only one I wanna wake up next to.” Jonathan murmured.

Y/N chuckled slightly. “You know how cliché that sounds. But you’re the only one I want to wake up next to too, Jon.”

8. Christmas Anger

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N hates Christmas traditions so Jonathan changes them. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: None

Y/N wasn't the biggest fan of Christmas. She loved the decorations, the lights and the presents but she didn't understand most of the traditions. Mistletoe was a parasitic plant, Santa was downright creepy, carollers sounded like strangled cats and flying reindeer were completely ridiculous. Jonathan did not share her views. He loved Christmas and went out of his way to make sure it was amazing.

"Remind me why I can't kill the carollers?" Y/N complained as Jonathan closed the front door and placed the tray of mince pies down.

"Because it's not very festive to commit murder three days before Christmas." Jonathan scolded with a laugh.

Y/N huffed and threw herself down on the Byers sofa. "But they're so annoying."

"You really are terrible at being festive." Jonathan sat next to her and handed her a plate full of what appeared to be gingerbread men.

Y/N laughed as she realised what they actually were. "You made gingerbread zombies?"

"Thought you'd like them better." Jonathan smiled. "Plus, I thought Will and his friends might like them when they come round later."

"They are awesome!" Y/N was still chuckling as she grabbed one and started to eat it.

"You're a really good cook you know." She complimented and

Jonathan blushed.

“Thank you.” He smiled at his shoes and she placed a kiss to his temple before walking to the record player and dropped the needle. Peace on Earth/Little Drummer Boy by David Bowie and Bing Crosby filled the room. She held her arms out and he took her hands and stood up. She wrapped her arms around his neck as his rested on her waist. They swayed back and forth and Jonathan moved them to the centre of the room. He looked up and Y/N followed his gaze.

“I don’t care about tradition, you try and get me to kiss you under the mistletoe and I will punch you.” She warned him but he only smiled and connected their lips. She melted into his touch and tangled her fingers in his hair.

The both pulled away rather quickly when the front door opened and six excited teenagers ran in followed by Joyce holding shopping bags. Y/N punched Jonathan lightly in the shoulder before walking over to Joyce and helping her with the bags. She would never admit it but maybe traditions were not that bad as long as Jonathan was around.

9. Butterflies

Summary for the Chapter:

Jonathan is head over heels for Y/N and a trip to the fair may make her realise it. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: None, it's just tooth rotting fluff!

Jonathan got butterflies in his stomach every time Y/N was anywhere near him. It had occurred since they were children but it was only when they started high school that he realised it was because he had fallen head over heels for her. They grew apart in high school though, as friends often did. It was inevitable they supposed. She was always spending time with Nancy or studying and he spent most of his time hiding away in the dark room developing his prints. They didn't ignore each other though. They still said hello in the halls and had a quick chat to catch up whenever they had the time.

It wasn't until Jonathan and Nancy got close following the events of Will's disappearance, that Jonathan and Y/N started to hang out again. It started slowly at first, longer conversations in the school halls and walking home together, but then it evolved into study dates, movie nights and just hanging out together outside of school. They found out they had just as much in common as when they were kids and wondered why they had ever grown so far apart in the first place. They were once again joined at the hip and were happier than either of them had been in a long time. But the butterflies still made an appearance anytime Jonathan was near her. He just didn't know how to tell her how she made him feel.

"Is there a reason you're blushing like that?" Y/N asked as she nudged Jonathan's shoulder. They were sat on a bench at the fair eating funnel cakes and Y/N had reached across to wipe some of the powdered sugar off of Jonathan's face.

"N-no, no reason." The butterflies in Jonathan's stomach came to life as she giggled and went back to eating her cake.

They finished eating and threw their plates into the bin. Y/N grabbed Jonathan's hand and dragged him in the direction of the Ferris wheel. The line had died down since they had walked past earlier. They paid and got seated quickly. The lights from the fair were illuminating the area; neons and colours bathing the surroundings in all the colours you could imagine. The contrast it created with the surrounding forest, which was shrouded in darkness, was incredible. They were able to appreciate the place they lived in from a new angle and a new height.

"Jonathan, can I ask you a question?" Y/N's voice was soft as they neared the top.

He hummed. "Yeah, of course."

"Are we on a date right now?"

Jonathan choked on air, sending him into a coughing fit. Y/N rubbed his back until he calmed down enough to choke out what he was going to say. "What- why would you think that?" He felt heat rising up his neck and knew he would be tomato red very soon.

"Normally when we come to things like this, there's someone else with us. But you said you just wanted to come just us two. I just thought I'd make sure. It's fine if it is though." She smiled softly at him and Jonathan felt as though his heart was going to explode.

"You'd be okay if this was a date?"

"Yeah, yes I would." Her smile got bigger and it caused one to grow on his face as well.

"Well, then yes, this is a date." The butterflies were still there but his confidence had grown. "Does that mean I can kiss you?"

She smiled and brought a hand up to his cheek. The butterflies grew in number as she leaned forward and pressed her lips against his. It was soft and sweet and all their untold feelings were poured into it. They pulled away as the wheel reached the top and rested their foreheads together. Neither of them could stop smiling. It might have been cliché, but they both felt on top of the world.